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ZEKKASS on May 15th, 2011 10:56 am (UTC)

Gabriel/Castiel, NC-17, a bit of formal wear, hair-pulling, hope you like it!

"Do you ever take that coat off?" Gabriel asks, curling hands in Castiel's lapels and pulling him closer. "Or do you always wait for someone else to take it off for you?"

Castiel doesn't answer, letting himself be pulled in, focused on undoing the buttons on Gabriel's white dress-shirt. There's too many layers between his hands and Gabriel's skin, and even as Gabriel is tugging at his arms, wanting him to help remove the coat, Castiel is making an impatient noise and simply *tearing* Gabriel's shirts open.

"Easy there," Gabriel says, and then Castiel's hands are splayed on skin, and then Gabriel is hissing as Castiel tugs at a nipple, runs his other hand down Gabriel's stomach to his belt, and Castiel thinks that he will apologize for the destruction of Gabriel's clothes later, much later. The belt breaks and tears, and Gabriel's pants are shoved down soon after.

"You don't like me in a suit, huh?"

"No," Castiel says in a low growl, and sinks to his knees, fitting his hands on Gabriel's hips as he licks Gabriel's tip, licks a stripe from tip to base, nuzzles briefly at Gabriel's thigh. He nips when Gabriel puts hands in his hair, but this isn't something he minds, not when he knows that Gabriel's grip tightening like that as he opens his mouth and takes Gabriel in means that Gabriel wants this, is going to tell him to go faster, make it good -

Castiel makes a soft sound and sucks on Gabriel, slowly taking him in deeper, relaxing his throat so he can, and savors how Gabriel groans above him, telling him to go on, make it better.

Castiel does, and runs fingers around Gabriel's base, listening as Gabriel's words fade into babble. It's good, he thinks, and it's good as he raises his head, licking Gabriel, pumping him as he does. He looks up at Gabriel briefly, still licking, and watches Gabriel's eyes close.

"Come, Gabriel," Castiel murmurs. "Don't hold back for me, please."

Gabriel groans and as Castiel takes him back into his mouth, he comes, hands tugging at Castiel's hair helplessly.

Cas reaches up to steady him, standing as he does, and Gabriel kisses him, not letting go of his hair.

"I never got your coat off," Gabriel mumbles into Castiel's mouth.

Castiel pauses, then smiles and removes it finally, putting it in Gabriel's hands. "Is this better?"

"Almost," Gabriel says, and nips at Castiel's jaw. "My clothes are still ruined."

Castiel leans back to get a good look at what he's done to Gabriel's clothes and nods, pleased with his handiwork.

Gabriel hmphs, then looks at the coat. "Let me keep this and I'll forgive you."

But before Castiel can say anything, Gabriel's already putting it on, his clothes repairing themselves as he does it.

"...it's too big for you," Cas says.

"And that matters how?"